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## The SPORTSMAN's Glory, or RUSSELL'S HUNT.

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Ye muses mine your aid incline while I relate of huntsmen  
Brave Michael Russell Ballinabowla exceeds all other  
sportsman

For hunting, fowling, hooking grouse, fishin' indue season  
For steeple chases, fox-hunts, races all other men a leading

Chorus-- Hark ! tally ho ! tally ho we'll chase him,  
Tally ho ! before we go  
We'll surely kill or earth him.

If you rove thro' Gilling's grove on a fine Novem. morning  
Tis there you'll see fine quality, a sight both rare and  
charming,

All dressed in red, on fiery steed, sounding the French  
horn,

The cry of the hounds as it echoes round, and Reynard  
out that morn,

With foamy steed they went inbeed through marshy fields  
most glorious

And Russel speedily crossed the leap & safely landed over,  
While other men were turning round the dangers so re-  
peatin

Loud he cries from the other are ye from me retreatin

His dogs all by their names he calls having none to sound  
the morn

Then they scam to him straightway across the foaming  
water,

Hark ! fifer, addler, juno, jigger, dido, fanny, farmer,  
Hero, spanker, smoker, tanner, joker, ranger, miller,  
charmer,

Hark ! cowslip, snowball, trip, and names that are too  
tedious,

But six perch odds twixt fox and dogs, but the battle yet  
he wages.

For six long miles of the mountain for cover he showed  
a notion,

Sure I don't care bold Russel cried, I'll wateo his every  
motion.

Such leaps were never seen before by any other rider  
Over heflies tall and strong stoue walls, stil on the track  
of reynard

Then I'm caught at last, says the wily fox, by Russel the  
greatest sportsman born,

But I don't mind, he rode severe, and saved me from be-  
ing torn.

Here's his health, may he have wealth, long may he reign  
a sportsman

So fill me up a flowin' cup: I'm 1'm dry from bein the  
spokesman

Chorus—Tally ho ! &c,